OCTOBER
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TALES OF VOODOO

FEATURING:

THE GRUESOME FASCINATION OF

THE BLOOD-DRIPPING HEAD!

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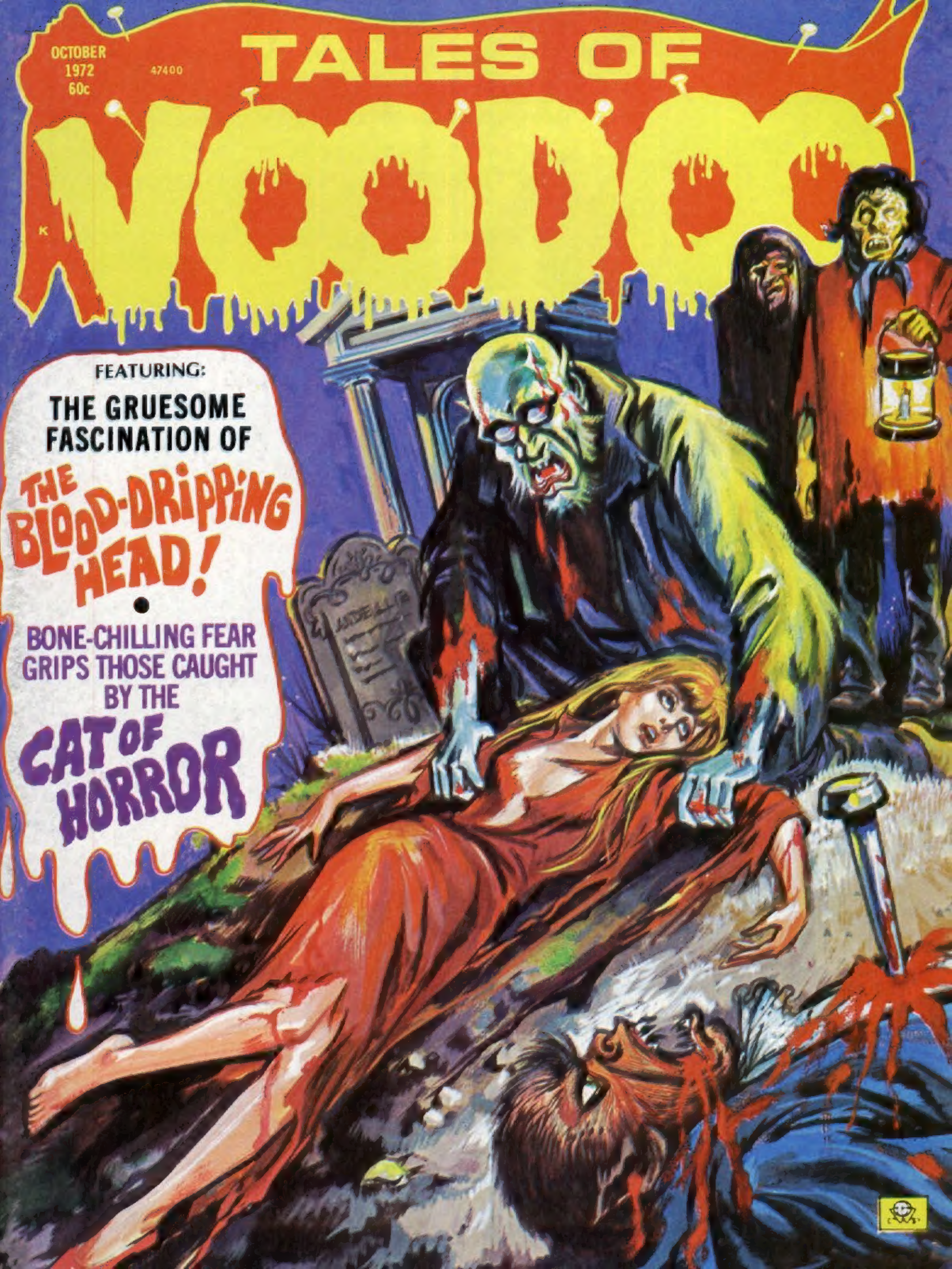
BONE-CHILLING FEAR GRIPS THOSE CAUGHT BY THE

CAT OF HORROR



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TALES OF VOODOO

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THE BLOOD-DRIPPING HEAD

THE YEARS PASSED, AND HENRI BECAME A YOUNG MAN. STILL THERE WAS THE QUEERNESS ABOUT HIM....

BUT THE ARMY DIDN'T QUENCH HENRI'S STRANGE DESIRE TO SEE BLOOD. IN FACT, SHORTLY AFTER HE JOINED....

ALL AROUND HENRI, THE EXCITEMENT MOUNTED! BUT TO HIM, THERE WAS ONLY THE SURGE OF GREAT INNER JOY....
I'D BETTER WRITE TO MY MOTHER AT ONCE!
I WONDER WHERE WE'LL BE SENT!
NOW THERE WILL BE MORE BLOOD THAN EVER!
AND, IN BATTLE, HENRI WAS A GOOD SOLDIER...
YOU CAN'T CHARGE THEM BY YOURSELF!
YOU'LL BE KILLED!
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
NOW....I WILL GET WHAT I WANT!
BUT IT WASN'T BRAVERY THAT MADE HIM GO FORWARD. AS ALWAYS.....IT WAS HIS OBSESSION...
KILL! KILL! SEE THE BLOOD FLOW!
TO MOST SOLDIERS THE WAR WAS A BLOODY NIGHTMARE. BUT NOT FOR HENRI, TO HIM IT WAS EXHALTATION BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS UNTIL....
LISTEN! IT'S OVER! THE WAR IS OVER! WE WILL ALL BE GOING HOME!
NO! NO, IT CAN'T BE OVER!
YES....FOR EVERYONE THE NEWS WAS WONDERFUL. BUT NOT FOR HENRI. TO HIM, THE END OF THE WAR MEANT THE END OF DESIRE!
IT CAN'T BE OVER! I MUST SEE THE BLOOD FLOW! FLOW LIKE A RIVER!
6

SO HENRI FABRET WAS A CIVILIAN AGAIN.... MOROSE...SILENT....SEARCHING FOR THE SOLUTION TO THAT CONSTANT CHURNING WITHIN HIM, THEN, IN A RESTAURANT, THERE WAS MARIE....

FOR WEEKS YOU HAVE BEEN COMING HERE, MONSIEUR, AND YOU NEVER SMILE. WHY DO YOU NOT SMILE....FOR *MARIE*?

WHY...I... ..I GUESS I WAS THINKING!

OF WHAT, MONSIEUR?

OF YOU....AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE YOUR COMPANY THIS EVENING....

AND SO....LATER THAT EVENING....

BUT WHY DO WE GO HERE? WHY TO THE FIGHTS?

BECAUSE I LIKE THEM.... BECAUSE THEY GIVE ME WHAT I *WANT*....

WHY SHOULDN'T HENRI LIKE THE FIGHTS? AFTER ALL, DIDN'T THEY PROVIDE....WHAT HE WANTED!

HIT HIM! MORE! MORE! MORE BLOOD!

MARIE MUST HAVE WONDERED WHAT KIND OF MAN SHE WAS WITH!.. BUT AFTER THE FIGHTS WERE OVER!

LET'S GO UP TO MY PLACE, HENRI....TO GET THE TASTE OF THAT HORRIBLE FIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH!

AS YOU WISH, MARIE.. ...AS YOU WISH.

LATER...

HENRI, HOW DO YOU EARN YOUR LIVING? WHAT KIND OF WORK DO YOU DO?

NOTHING NOW. BUT TOMORROW, I AM STARTING ON A NEW JOB... ONE THAT SHOULD BE VERY PLEASANT!

OUCH! THE BOTTLE CHIPPED! ....MY FINGER IS BLEEDING!

GREAT! LET ME SEE!

LET ME GO! I WANT TO STOP THE BLEEDING!
NO....LET IT BLEED! I WANT TO SEE IT BLEED!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!
DON'T STRUGGLE WITH ME....I WARN YOU!
CAN ONE REASON WITH A MADMAN? FOR HENRI WAS UNDOUBTEDLY MAD! THE MORE MARIE STRUGGLED, THE GREATER BECAME HENRI'S FRENZY...UNTL...
SO....SHE IS DEAD! BUT I WARNED HER....I WARNED HER!
SO NOW, HENRI FABRET APPROACHES THE GUILLOTINE! BUT WHAT OF THIS SMILE ON HIS FACE? IS NOT A MAN NEARING THE GUILLOTINE EXPECTED TO BE AFRAID? MAYBE A NORMAL MAN....BUT NOT HENRI!
NOW THERE WILL BE BLOOD....MUCH BLOOD....THERE WILL ALWAYS BE BLOOD!
BUT HENRI HAS NO REASON TO BE AFRAID! FOR YOU SEE, HENRI IS NOT THE PRISONER....HE IS THE EXECUTIONER!
THE EXECUTION CANNOT PROCEED WITHOUT THE EXECUTIONER!
I KNOW, MONSIEUR WARDEN!
MAGNIFIQUE! A RIVER OF BLOOD, PURE JOY!
OF COURSE, THEY FOUND THE MURDERED GIRL AND 3 MONTHS LATER, THE EXECUTIONER WAS EXECUTED! EYEWITNESSES SAY HE WAS SMILING WHEN THE BLADE STRUCK!
FINISH

IT LOOKED LIKE ANY OTHER WIG -- PERHAPS A BIT MORE LIFE-LIKE, BUT HOW WAS THE LITTLE BARBER TO KNOW THAT IT COULD REACH FROM THE GRAVE!

the WEIRD THING

THE LITTLE BARBER WAS VERY SENSITIVE ABOUT HIS BALD PATE, AND HIS CHIEF TORMENTOR DIDN'T MAKE IT EASIER TO BEAR...

SO IT WENT... HECKLING RIDICULE, THE CONSTANT BUTT OF GEORGE'S JOKES!
WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH, SHINE MY SHOES SO THEY'LL COMPETE WITH YOUR HEAD! HA HA!

AND WITH GEORGE'S EVERY VISIT, LEON'S HATE MULTIPLIED UNTIL--IT TURNED INTO AN OBSESSION! ALONE ONE DAY IN HIS SHOP...
HIYA, BALDY HERE I AM AGAIN!

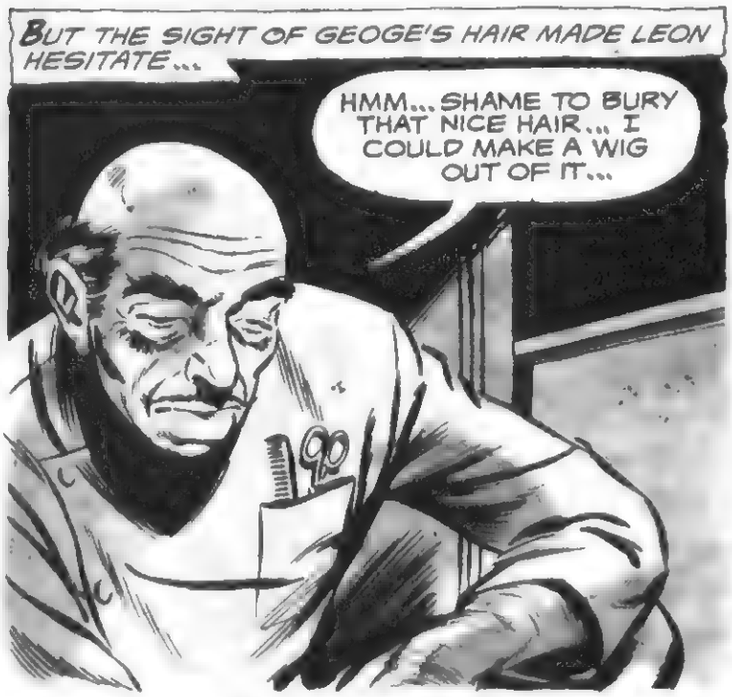
EVER TRY ONION JUICE ON YOUR BEAN, LEON? IF YOU DON'T GET HAIR, AT LEAST YOU'LL GET ATTENTION! HEH HEH!
DROP DEAD!

OH, WELL... NO SENSE OF HUMOR!
WE'LL START WITH A SHAVE!

AS HE STROPPED, A WILD THOUGHT CAME TO HIM AND SUDDENLY HE FORGOT EVERYTHING BUT THE TORMENTOR HE HAD TO SILENCE...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, YOU CRAZY? GET THAT THING AWAY FROM MY THROAT...!
GOODBYE, GEORGE!

YOU WON'T MAKE FUN OF ME ANYMORE!
GAHHHHH...

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO DRAG THE CORPSE DOWN TO THE CELLAR...
HERE'S YOUR NEW HOME, GEORGE!


BUT THE SIGHT OF GEOGE'S HAIR MADE LEON HESITATE...
HMM... SHAME TO BURY THAT NICE HAIR... I COULD MAKE A WIG OUT OF IT...

HE WORKED FAST AND SOON LEON TRIUMPHANTLY HELD HIS PRIZE ALOFT...
HEH, HEH! IT'S MINE NOW... ALL MINE!

A FEW DAYS LATER...
GET LOAD OF THAT MOP ON LEON'S HEAD! IMAGINE IMITATING GEORGE...
I THOUGHT YOU HATED GEORGE'S GUTS!
I ALWAYS ADMIRED HIS HAIR!

GEORGE'LL RIDE THE PANTS OFF YOU WHEN HE SEES IT!
HE WON'T BE BACK FOR SOME TIME... ER... HE WENT ON A LONG TRIP!

THAT NIGHT...
GUESS I'LL HANG IT HERE UNTIL MORNING!

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT...
HUH... WHA... WHAT'S THAT? THE WIG...

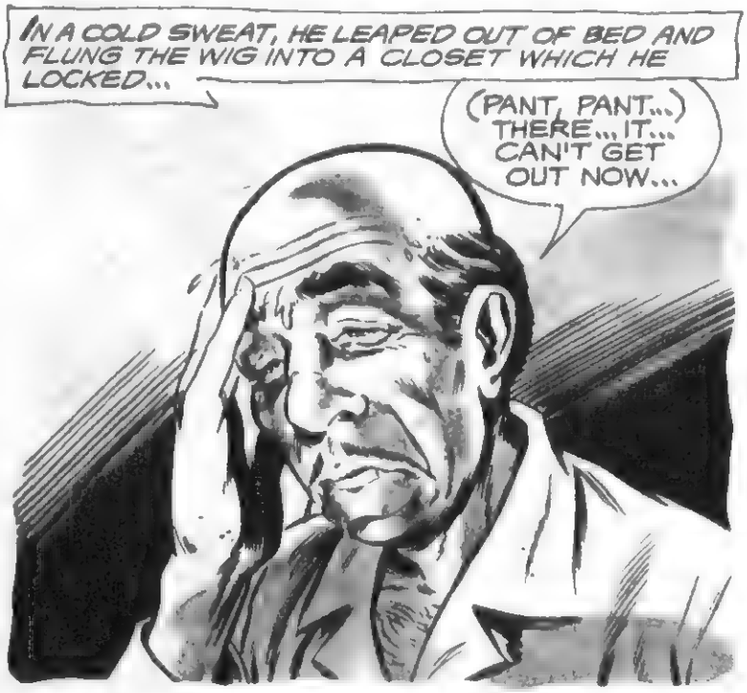
HMM... THERE'S NO BREEZE BLOWING... WHAT MADE IT DO THAT?

THE NEXT MORNING...
THE HAIR ON THE WIG... IT'S GROWN!

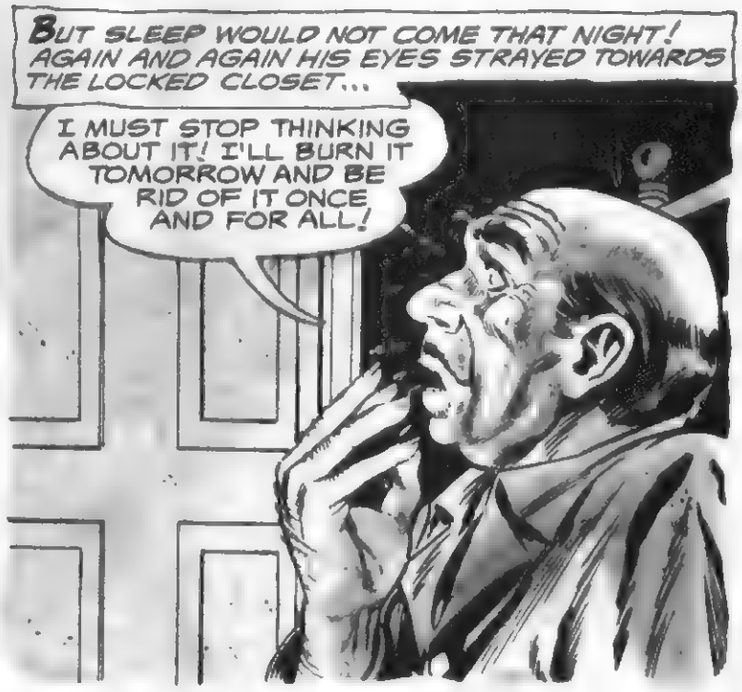
IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION! I DIDN'T NOTICE HOW LONG THE HAIR WAS BEFORE... AND YET...

BUT LEON DIDN'T WEAR THE WIG THAT DAY, AND THAT NIGHT HE GLANCED AT IT WITH TREPIDATION UNTIL HE FELL ASLEEP! HE WAS AWAKENED BY A CHOKING SENSATION...
AGHHH... GAAH... IT... IT'S CHOKING ME... (CHOGH... COUGH!)

IT... IT'S ALIVE! B-BUT... HOW CAN IT BE?


IN A COLD SWEAT, HE LEAPED OUT OF BED AND FLUNG THE WIG INTO A CLOSET WHICH HE LOCKED...
(PANT, PANT...) THERE... IT... CAN'T GET OUT NOW...

THE NIGHTMARISH EXPERIENCE HAD SHAKEN HIM...
HEY... WHERE'S YOUR WIG... OUCH! HEY... WATCH IT... YOUR HANDS ARE TREMBLING! WHAT'S WRONG?
SORRY... IT... IT'S NOTHING!


BUT SLEEP WOULD NOT COME THAT NIGHT! AGAIN AND AGAIN HIS EYES STRAYED TOWARDS THE LOCKED CLOSET...
I MUST STOP THINKING ABOUT IT! I'LL BURN IT TOMORROW AND BE RID OF IT ONCE AND FOR ALL!

AT LAST HE FELL INTO A FITFUL SLEEP, ONLY TO BE WAKEN GASPING FOR BREATH...
THE... WIG (CHOKE) GAHHHH...

I... I CAN'T PULL... IT... OFF... AGH... GAHHHHHHH!

TIGHTER AND TIGHTER THE STRANDS DUG INTO HIS NECK... HIS EYES BEGAN TO POP AND THEN THERE WAS A RATTLE IN HIS THROAT... AND SILENCE!

AND WHEN THEY FINALLY FOUND THE WIG, IT WAS RESTING ON A MOUND OF DIRT IN LEON'S CELLAR!

THE 13th MAN

I HAVE always noticed a prevalent want of courage, even among persons of superior intelligence and culture, as to imparting their own psychological experiences when those have been of a strange sort. Almost all men are afraid that what they could relate in such wise would find no parallel or response in a listener's internal life, and might be suspected or laughed at. A truthful traveler, who should have seen some extraordinary creature in the likeness of a sea-serpent, would have no fear of mentioning it; but the same traveler, having had some singular presentiment, impulse, vagary of thought, vision (so-called), dream, or other remarkable mental impression, would hesitate considerably before he would own to it. To this reticence I attribute much of the obscurity in which such subjects are involved. We do not habitually communicate our experiences of these subjective things as we do our experiences of objective creation. The consequence is that the general stock of experience in this regard appears exceptional, and really is so, in respect of being miserably imperfect.

In what I am going to relate, I have no intention of setting up, opposing, or supporting any theory whatever. I know the history of the Bookseller of Berlin, I have studied the case of the wife of a late Astronomer-Royal as related by Sir David Brewster, and I have followed the minutest details of a much more remarkable case of Spectral Illusion occurring within my private circle of friends. It may be necessary to state as to this last, that the sufferer (a lady) was in no degree, however distant, related to me. A mistaken assumption on that head might suggest an explanation of a part of my own case — but only a part — which would be wholly without foundation. It cannot be referred to my inheritance of any developed peculiarity, nor had I ever before any at all similar any at all similar experience since.

It does not signify how many years ago, or how few, a certain murder was committed in England, which attracted great attention. We hear more than enough of murderers as they rise in succession to their atrocious eminence, and I would bury the memory of this particular brute, if I could, as his body was buried in Newgate Jail. I purposely abstain from giving any direct clue to the criminal's individuality.

When the murder was first discovered, no suspicion fell — or I ought to say, for I cannot be too precise in my facts, it was nowhere publicly hinted that any suspicion fell — on the

man who was afterwards brought to trial. As no reference was at that time made to him in the newspapers, it is obviously impossible that any description of him can at that time have been given in the newspapers. It is essential that this fact be remembered.

Unfolding at breakfast my morning paper, containing the account of that first discovery, I found it to be deeply interesting, and I read it with close attention. I read it twice, if not three times. The discovery had been made in a bedroom, and when I laid down the paper, I was aware of a flash — rush — flow — I do not know what to call it — no word I can find is satisfactorily descriptive — in which I seemed to see that bedroom, like a picture impossibly painted on a running river. Though almost instantaneous in its passing, it was perfectly clear; so clear that I distinctly, and with a sense of relief, observed the absence of the dead body from the bed.

It was in no romantic place that I had this curious sensation, but in chambers in Piccadilly, very near to the corner of St. James's Street. It was entirely new to me. I was in my easy-chair at the moment, and the sensation was accompanied with a peculiar shiver which started the chair from its position. (But it is to be noted that the chair ran easily on casters.) I went to one of the windows (there are two in the room, and the room is on the second floor) to refresh my eyes with the moving objects down in Piccadilly. It was a bright autumn morning, and the street was sparkling and cheerful. The wind was high. As I looked out, it brought down from the Park a quantity of fallen leaves, which a gust took and whirled into a spiral pillar. As the pillar fell and the leaves dispersed, I saw two men on the opposite side of the way, going from west to east. They were one behind the other. The foremost man often looked back over his shoulder. The second man followed him, at a distance of some thirty paces, with his right hand menacingly raised. First, the singularity and steadiness of this threatening gesture in so public a thoroughfare attracted my attention; and next, the more remarkable circumstance that nobody heeded it. Both men threaded their way among the other passengers with a smoothness hardly consistent even with the action of walking on a pavement; and no single creature, that I could see, gave them place, touched them, or looked after them. In passing before my windows, they both stared up at me. I saw their two faces very distinctly, and I knew that I could recognize them anywhere. Not that I had consciously noticed anything very remarkable in either face, except that the one who went first had an unusually lowering appearance, and that the face of the who followed him was of the color of impure wax.

I AM A bachelor, and my valet and his wife constitute my whole establishment. My occupation is in a certain Branch Bank, and I wish that my duties as head of a Department were as light as they are popularly supposed to be. They kept me in town that autumn, when I stood in need of change. I was not ill, but I was not well. My reader is to make the most that can be reasonably made of my feeling jaded, having a depressing sense upon me of a monotonous life, and being "slightly dyspeptic". I am assured by my renowned doctor that my real state of health at that time justifies no

stronger description, and I quote his own from his written answer to my request for it.

As the circumstances of the murder, gradually unravelling, took stronger and stronger possession of the public mind, I kept them away from mine by knowing as little about them as was possible in the midst of the universal excitement. But I knew that a verdict of Wilful Murder had been found against the suspected murderer, and that he had ben committed to Newgate for trial. I also knew that his trial had been postponed over one Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, on the ground of general prejudice and want of time for the preparation of the defence. I may further have known, but I believe I did not, when, or about when, the Sessions to which his trial stood postponed would come on.

My sitting-room, bedroom, and dressing-room are all on one floor. With the last there is no communication but through the bedroom. True, there is a door in it, once communicating with the staircase; but a part of the fitting of my bath has been — and had then been for some years — fixed across it. At the same period, and as a part of the same arrangement, the door had been nailed up and canvassed over.

I was standing in my bedroom late one night, giving some directions to my servant before he went to bed. My face was towards the only available door of communication with the dressing-room, and it was closed. My servant's back was towards that door. While I was speaking to him, I saw it open, and a man look in who very earnestly and mysteriously beckoned to me. That man was the man who had gone second of the two along Piccadilly, and whose face was of the color of impure wax.

The figure, having beckoned, drew back and closed the door. With no longer pause than was made by my crossing the bedroom I opened the dressing-room door, and looked in. I had a lighted candle already in my hand. I felt no inward expectation of seeing the figure in the dressing-room, and I did not see it there.

Conscious that my servant stood amazed, I tured round to him, and said: "Derrick, could you believe that in my cool senses I fancied I saw a —" As I there laid my hand upon his breast, with a sudden start he trembled violently, and said, "O Lord, yes sir! A dead man beckoning!"

Now I do not believe that this John Derrick, my trusty and attached servant for more than twenty years, had any impression whatever of having seen any such figure, until I touched him. The change in him was so startling, when I touched him, that I fully believe he derived his impression in some occult manner from me at that instant.

I bade John Derrick bring some brandy, and I gave him a dram, and was glad to take one myself. Of what had preceded that night's phenomenon, I told him not a single word. Reflecting on it, I was absolutely certain that I had never seen that face before, except on the one occasion in Piccadilly. Comparing its expression when beckoning at the door with its expression when it had stared up at me as I stood at my window, I came to the conclusion that on the first occasion it had sough to fasten itself upon my memory, and that on the second occasion it had made use of being immediately remembered.

I was not very comfortable that night, though I felt a certainty, difficult to explain, that the figure would not return. At daylight I fell into a heavy sleep, from which I was awakened by John Derrick's coming to my bedside with a paper in his hand.

This paper, it appeared had been the subject of an altercation at the door between its bearer and my servant. It was a summons to me to serve upon a Jury at the forthcoming Sessions of the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey. I had never before been summoned on such a Jury, as John Derrick well knew. He believed — I am not certain at this hour whether with reason or otherwise — that that class of Jurors were customarily chosen on a lower qualification than mine, and he had at first refused to accept the summons. The man who served it had taken the matter very coolly. He had said that my attendance or non-attendance was nothing to him: there the summons was; and I should deal with it at my own peril, and not at his.

FOR A DAY or two I was undecided whether to respond to this call, or take no notice of it. I was not conscious of the slightest mysterious bias, influence, or attraction, one way or the other. Of that I am strictly sure as of every other statement that I make here. Ultimately I decided, as a break in the monotony of my life, that I would go.

The appointed morning was a raw morning in the month of November. There was a dense brown fog in Piccadilly, and it became positively black and in of the last degree oppressive east of Temple Bar. I found the passages and staircases of the Courthouse flaringly lighted with gas, and the Court itself similarly illuminated. I think that, until I was conducted by officers into the Old Court and saw its crowded state, I did not know that the Murderer was to be tried that day. I *think* that, until I was so helped into the Old Court with considerable difficulty, I did not know into which of the two Courts sitting my summons would take me. But this must not be received as a positive assertation, for I am not completely satisfied in my mind on either point.

I took my seat in the place appropriated to Jurors in waiting, and I looked about the Court as well I could through the cloud of fog and breath that was heavy in it. I noticed the black vapor hanging like a murky curtain outside the great windows, and I noticed the stifled sound of wheels on the straw or tan that was littered in the street; also, the hum of the people gathered there, which a shrill whistle, or a louder song or hail than the rest, occasionally pierced. Soon afterwards the Judges, two in number, entered, and took their seats. The buzz in the Court was awfully hushed. The direction was given to put the Murderer to the bar. He appeared there. And in that same instant I recognized in him the first of the two men who had gone down Piccadilly.

If my name had been called then, I doubt if I could have answered to it audibly. But it was called about sixth or eighth in the panel, and I was by the time able to say "Here!" Now

observe. As I stepped into the box, the prisoner, who had been looking on attentively, but with no sign of concern, became violently agitated, and beckoned to his attorney. The prisoner's wish to challenge me was so manifest, that it occasioned a pause, during which the attorney with his hand upon the dock, whispered with his client, and shook his head. I afterwards had it from the gentleman that the prisoner's first affrighted words to him were, *"At all hazards, challenge that man!"* But that, as he would give no reason for it, and admitted that he had not even known my name until he heard it called and I appeared, it was not done.

Both on the ground already explained, that I wish to avoid reviving the unwholesome memory of that Murderer, and also because a detailed account of his long trial is by no means indispensable to my narrative, I shall confine myself closely to such incidents in the ten days and nights during which we, the Jury, were kept together, as directly bear on my own curious personal experience. It is in that, and not in the Murderer, that I seek to interest my reader. It is to that, and not to a page of the Newgate Calendar, that I beg attention.

I WAS CHOSEN Foreman of the Jury. On the second morning of the trial, after evidence had been taken for two hours (I heard the church clocks strike), happening to cast my eyes over my brother jurymen, I found an inexplicable difficulty in counting them. I counted them several times, yet always with the same difficulty. In short, I made them one too many.

I touched the brother juryman whose place was next to me, and I whispered to him, "Oblige me by counting us." He looked surprised by the request, but turned his head and counted. "Why," said he suddenly, "we are thirt— but no, it's not possible. No. We are twelve."

According to my counting that day, we were always right in detail, but in the gross we were always one too many. There was no appearance — no figure — to account for it; but I had now an inward foreshadowing of the figure that was surely coming.

The Jury were housed at the London Tavern. We all slept in one large room on separate tables, and we were constantly in the charge and under the eye of the officer sworn to hold us in safe keeping. I see no reason for suppressing the real name of that officer. He was intelligent, highly polite, and obliging, and (I was glad to hear) much respected in the City. He had an agreeable presence, good eyes, enviable black whiskers, and a fine sonorous voice. His name was Mr. Harker.

When we turned into our twelve beds at night, Mr. Harker's bed was drawn across the door. On the night of the second day, not being disposed to lie down, and seeing Mr. Harker sitting on his bed, I went and sat beside him, and offered him a pinch of snuff. As Mr. Harker's hand touched mine in taking it from my box, a peculiar shiver crossed him, and he said, "Who is this?"

FOLLOWING Mr. Harker's eyes, and looking along the room, I saw again the figure I expected — the second of the two men who had gone down Piccadilly. I rose, and advanced a few steps; stopped, and looked round at Mr. Harker. He was quite unconcerned, laughed, and said in a pleasant way: "I thought for a moment we had a thirteenth juryman, without a bed. I see it is the moonlight."

Making no revelation to Mr. Harker, but inviting him to take a walk with me to the end of the room, I watched what the figure did. It stood for a few moments by the bedside of each of my eleven brother jurymen, close to the pillow. It always went to the right-hand side of the bed, and always passed out crossing the foot of the next bed. It seemed, from the action of the head, merely to look down pensively at each recumbent figure. It took no notice of me, or of my bed, which was that nearest to Mr. Harker's. It seemed to go out where the moonlight came in, through a high window, as by an aerial flight of stairs.

Next morning at breakfast, it appeared that everybody present had dreamed of the murdered man last night, except myself and Mr. Harker.

I now felt as convinced that the second man who had gone down Piccadilly was the murdered man (so to speak), as if it had been borne into my comprehension by his immediate testimony. But even this took place, and in a manner for which I was not at all prepared.

On the fifth day of the trial, when the case for the prosecution was drawing to a close, a miniature of the murdered man, missing from his bedroom upon the discovery of the deed, and afterwards found in a hiding-place where the Murderer had been seen digging, was put in evidence. Having been identified by the witness under examination, it was handed up to the Bench, and thence handed down to be inspected by the Jury. As an officer in a black gown was making his way with it across to me, the figure of the second man who had gone down Piccadilly impetuously started from the crowd, caught the miniature from the officer, and gave it to me with his own hands, at the same time saying, in a low and hollow tone — before I saw the miniature, which was in a locket — *"I was younger then, and my face was not then drained of blood."* It also came between me and the brother juryman to whom I would have given the miniature, and the brother juryman to whom he would have given it, and so passed it on through the whole of our number, and back into my possession. Not one of them, however, detected this.

At table, and generally when we were shut up together in Mr. Harker's custody, we had from the first naturally discussed the day's proceedings a good deal. On that fifth day, the case for the prosecution being closed, and we having that side of the question in a completed shape before us, our discussion was more animated and serious. Among our number was a vestryman — the densest idiot I have ever seen at large — who met the plainest evidence with the most preposterous objections, and who was sided with by two flabby parochial parasites; all the three impanelled from a district so delivered over to Fever that they ought to have been upon their own trial for five hundred Murders. When these mischievous blockheads were at their loudest, which was towards midnight, while some of us were already preparing

for bed, I again saw the murdered man. He stood grimly behind them, beckoning to me. On my going towards them, and striking into the conversation, he immediately retired. This was the beginning of a separate series of appearances, confined to that long room in which *We* were confined. Whenever a knot of my brother jurymen laid their heads together, I saw the head of the murdered man among theirs. Whenever their comparison of notes was going against him, he would solemnly and irresistibly beckon to me.

IT WILL BE borne in mind that down to the production of the miniature, on the fifth day of the trial, I had never seen the Appearance in Court. Three changes occurred now that we entered on the case for the defence. Two of them I will mention together, first. The figure was now in Court continually, and it never there addressed itself to me, but always to the person who was speaking at the time. For instance: the throat of the murdered man had been cut straight across. In the opening speech for the defence, it was suggested that the deceased might have cut his own throat. At that very moment, the figure, with its throat in the dreadful condition referred to (this it had concealed before), stood at the speaker's elbow, motioning across and across its windpipe, now with the right hand, now with the left, vigorously suggesting to the speaker himself the impossibility of such a wound having been self-inflicted by either hand. For another instance: a witness to character, a woman, deposed to the prisoner's being the most amiable of mankind. The figure at that instant stood on the floor before her, looking her full in the face, and pointing out the prisoner's evil countenance with an extended arm and an outstretched finger.

The third change now to be added impressed me strongly as the most marked and striking of all. I do not theorize upon it; I accurately state it, and there leave it. Although the Appearance was not itself perceived by those whom it addressed, its coming close to such persons was invariably attended by some trepidation or disturbance on their part. It seemed to me as if it were prevented by laws to which I was not amenable, from fully revealing itself to others, and yet as if it could invisibly, dumbly, and darkly overshadow their minds. When the leading counsel for the defence suggested that hypothesis of suicide, and the figure stood at the learned gentleman's elbow, frightfully sawing at its severed throat, it is undeniable that the counsel faltered in his speech, lost for a few seconds the thread of his ingenious discourse, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and turned extremely pale. When the witness to character was confronted by the Appearance, her eyes most certainly did follow the direction of its pointed finger, and rest in great hesitation and trouble over the prisoner's face.

Two additional illustrations will suffice. On the eighth day of the trial, after the pause which was every day made early in the afternoon for a few minutes rest and refreshment, I came back into Court with the rest of the Jury some little time before the return of the Judges. Standing up in the box and looking about me, I thought the figure was not there, until, chancing to raise my eyes to the gallery, I saw it bending forward, and leaning over a very decent woman, as if to assure itself whether the Judges had resumed their seats or not. Immediately afterwards the woman screamed, fainted, and was carried out. So with the venerable, sagacious, and patient Judge who conducted the trial. When the case was over, and he settled himself and his papers to sum up, the murdered man, entering by the Judge's door, advanced to his Lordship's desk, and looked eagerly over his shoulder at the pages of his votes which he was turning. A change came over his Lordship's face; his hand stopped; the peculiar shiver, that I knew so well, passed over him; he faltered, "Excuse me, gentlemen, for a few moments I am somewhat oppressed by the vitiated air"; and did not recover until he had drunk a glass of water.

THROUGH ALL the monot-

ony of six of those interminable ten days — the same Judges and others on the bench, the same Murderer in the dock, the same lawyers at the table, the same tones of question and answer rising to the roof of the Court, the same scratching of the Judge's pen, the same ushers going in and out, the same lights kindled at the same hour when there had been any natural light of day, the same foggy curtain outside the great windows when it was foggy, the same rain pattering and dripping when it was rainy, the same footmarks of turnkeys and prisoner day after day on the same sawdust, the same keys locking and unlocking the same heavy doors — through all the wearisome monotony which made me feel as if I had been Foreman of the Jury for a vast period of time, and Piccadilly had flourished coevally with Babylon, the murdered man never lost one trace of his distinctness in my eyes, nor was he at any moment less distinct than anybody else. I must not omit, as a matter of fact, that I never once saw the Appearance which I call by the name of the murdered man look at the Murderer. Again and again I wondered, "Why does he not?" But he never did.

Nor did he look at me, after the production of the miniature, until the last closing minutes of the trial arrived. We retired to consider, at seven minutes before ten at night. The idiotic vestryman and his two parochial parasites gave us so much trouble that we twice returned into Court to beg to have certain extracts from the Judge's notes reread. Nine of us had not the slightest doubt about those passages, neither, I believe, had any one in the Court; the dunderheaded triumvirate, however, having no idea but obstruction, disputed them for that very reason. At length we prevailed, and finally the Jury returned into Court at ten minutes past twelve.

The murdered man at that time stood directly opposite the Jury box, on the other side of the Court. As I took my place, his eyes rested on me with great attention; he seemed satisfied, and slowly shook a great gray veil, which he carried on his arm for the first time, over his head and whole form. As I gave in our verdict, "Guilty", the veil collapsed, all was gone, and his place was empty.

The Murderer, being asked by the Judge, according to usage, whether he had anything to say before sentence of Death should be passed upon him, indistinctly muttered something which was described in the leading newspapers of the following day as "a few rambling, incoherent, and half-audible words, in which he was understood to complain that he had not had a fair trial, because the Foreman of the Jury was prepossessed against him." The remarkable declaration that he really made was this: "*My Lord, I knew I was a doomed man when the Foreman of my Jury came into the box. My Lord, I knew he would never let me off, because, before I was taken, he somehow got to my bedside in the night, woke me, and put a rope round my neck.*"

CAT OF HORROR

THE MYSTIC VEIL OF INDIA HIDES MANY DARK AND ASTOUNDING EVENTS, BUT NONE SO WEIRD AND SOUL-CHILLING AS THIS TALE OF A MAN, HIS WIFE AND A BLACK PANTHER!

BEVIN SHAWCROSS WAS A MINOR OFFICIAL ASSIGNED TO A REMOTE AREA OF PUNJAB. MANY THINGS COMBINED TO MAKE HIS LIFE A MISERABLE ONE....

THERE WAS HIS WIFE'S PANTHER....

KEEP BACK!

AND THEN, THERE WAS HIS WIFE!

THAT BLASTED CAT HATES ME!

NO MORE THAN *I* DO! IT'S NATURAL FOR THOSE WITH STRONG SPIRITS TO DESPISE THE **WEAK!**

I KEEP THE PANTHER BECAUSE I ADMIRE GRACE AND STRENGTH AND COURAGE--THOSE VERY QUALITIES IN WHICH YOU ARE SO DEFICIENT!
LATER, IN TOWN...
CAN'T YOU CONTROL THAT BEAST? HE KEEPS SNARLING AND SNAPPING AT ME! I CAN'T EVEN WALK WITH YOU!
JUST ANOTHER REASON WHY I SO HIGHLY VALUE HIS COMPANY!
HA-HA! THE ENGLISHMAN IS TOO TAME A PET FOR HIS WIFE!
BECAUSE OF HER THEY ALL LAUGH AT ME! IF SHE TREATED ME WITH RESPECT I WOULDN'T BE SUCH A FAILURE!
GREAT WEAKNESS AND GREAT PRIDE GO TOGETHER, AND HIS WIFE'S SCORN RANKLED DEEP IN SHAWCROSS' HEART....
NOTHING WOULD GIVE ME GREATER PLEASURE THAN KILLING HER--BUT THAT BLASTED PANTHER PROTECTS HER LIKE HIS VERY OWN!
THAT DAY AN AGED FAKIR CAUGHT THE ATTENTION OF SHAWCROSS...
SEE ME LATER, SAHIB.... I HAVE AN IMPORTANT SECRET I THINK YOU WISH TO BUY!
WHAT?
CURIOUS SHAWCROSS WAITED FOR THE OLD MAN IN A DIMLY LIT ALLEY....
WELL, I'M HERE, OLD MAN!
THE LORE OF ANCIENT INDIA IS STRANGE AND VERY POWERFUL. FOR INSTANCE, I KNOW AN INCANTATION WHICH WOULD PERMIT YOUR SOUL TO LEAVE YOUR BODY A WHILE AND ENTER THE FORM OF ANY ANIMAL!
WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO ME?
I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE OF VALUE. THE CHOICE IS YOURS, SAHIB!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!.. ...I CAN USE SOMETHING LIKE THAT! OF COURSE, I'LL BUY IT, OLD MAN!
AND LATER, AT HOME...
I'LL HAVE MY SPIRIT ENTER THE BODY OF THE PANTHER, AND THEN I'LL KILL HER!
NOW TO PUT THE INCANTATION TO WORK...
ABASHTI KRANOS ENNO ESHARTI, ABASHTI, IN DEMOS ABASHTO!
A CLOUD OF ACRID SMOKE ENGULFED THE ROOM, AND SHAWCROSS FELL BACK UNCONSCIOUS....
WHEN HE AWOKE, ALL HIS SURROUNDINGS SEEMED STRANGE AND DISTORTED....
FOR A WHILE HE WONDERED, THEN SUDDEN COMPREHENSION FLOODED HIS MIND....
OF COURSE THINGS SEEM DIFFERENT! I'M SEEING THEM THROUGH THE EYES OF THE PANTHER! THE INCANTATION WORKED! I AM THE PANTHER!
I MUST HAVE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS FOR HOURS! SHE....SHE THINKS I'M DEAD! NOW I'LL SHOW HER WHAT A MISTAKE IT WAS....PREFERRING THE BEAST TO ME!

SUDDENLY, EVEN BEFORE THE TALONS OF THE MADDENED BEAST TOUCHED HIS PREY....

FOR A FEW SECONDS THE BEAST STOOD MOTIONLESS, WHINING WITH FEAR....

AND THEN AS THE GHOST OF SHADOWCROSS ADVANCED ON HIM!

SHAW CROSS HIT THE CRINGING PANTHER A SHARP BLOW WITH THE CANDELABRA!

I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S MASTER HERE!

CRACK

JUST BEFORE HIS MIND REELED INTO BLACK OBLIVION, ONE QUESTION TORTURED THE MIND OF THE MAN-BEAST!

I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHOSE SPIRIT IS IT--- INHABITING MY BODY?

IT TOOK MANY WEEKS FOR MRS. SHAWCROSS TO NURSE HER PET BACK TO HEALTH...

HE'LL BE WELL SOON!

THEREAFTER SHE TOOK PECULIAR PLEASURE IN PARADING HER PANTHER DOWN THE DUSTY STREETS....

THE PEOPLE OF THE TOWN WATCHED, AND WONDERED AT THE CHANGE....

SHE USED TO HATE HER HUSBAND.

YES....NOW IT IS SO DIFFERENT! THE HUSBAND ONCE TIMID, IS PROUD AND HAUGHTY, AND THE PANTHER IS THE WEAKLING! IT IS AS IF THEY CHANGED SOULS!

SHAWCROSS WONDERED TOO, UNTIL ONE DAY....

YOUR PLAN WORKED WELL. NOW I HAVE A HUSBAND WHO IS STRONG AND COURAGEOUS....A MAN WITH THE GRACE OF A PANTHER!

AND A PANTHER WITH A TIMID, TAMED SOUL AS A PET!

FINISH

CREATURE OF EVIL
THERE ARE THINGS BEYOND THE SCOPE OF SCIENCE! NO MAN KNOWS WHAT LEVIATHAN CREATURES HAUNT THE SEAS AT THEIR MURKY DEPTHS, SO THAT THE TALES TOLD BY ANCIENT MARINERS OF SEA DEVILS MAY BE TRUE! BUT THERE WERE SKEPTICS...
GO AHEAD, LAUGH, BUT FERNANDE TELLS YOU THERE ARE TERRORS IN THE SEA THAT CAN FREEZE YOUR BLOOD!
WHERE ARE THESE SEA MONSTERS YOU TALK ABOUT? BAH, THEY EXIST ONLY IN YOUR MIND!
YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IN SEA MONSTERS, BUT LISTEN-- THE MOON HAS BLOOD ON IT TONIGHT! IT IS AN EVIL OMEN!
YOU SPEAK LIKE AN OLD WOMAN, FERNANDE! TOMORROW WILL BE PERFECT FOR FISHING!

LIKE FERNANDE SAID, THE MOON IS SURROUNDED BY A BLOODY HALO! PERHAPS WE SHOULD LISTEN TO THE OLD ONE!
I TELL YOU, THE OLDER HE GETS, THE CRAZIER HE BECOMES!
DAWN CAME TO JEAN DES PRES, BRING A PERFECT DAY FOR FISHING--
WHAT A DAY! WE'LL COME HOME WITH A PRIZE CATCH! UP WITH THE ANCHOR, JACQUES!
HA, HA! DID YOU SEE FERNANDE AT THE WARF, WARNING US AGAIN!
ALL DAY THE FISH RAN HEAVY! THE NETS WERE EMPTIED AGAIN AND AGAIN...
THIS IS OUR LIMIT! LETS HEAD FOR HOME!
RIGHT! OURS IS THE LAST TO LEAVE THE BANKS!
RACING FOR HOME THE HEAVILY LADEN BOAT REACHED THE SHOAL INLET...
HA, HA! THE MOON WAS RED! LET IT BE RED EVERY NIGHT IF THIS IS THE RESULT!
WAIT TILL FERNANDE SEES THIS CATCH! HIS EYES WILL POP!
SUDDENLY...
WHAT'S THAT? WE'VE STOPPED
LOOK!! THAT GIANT HAND! IT'S...IT'S HOLDING US BACK!
SACRÉ BLEU! WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE CREATURE?
AAAA!!!!!
THE MONSTER IS DRAGGING US DOWN!

ON THE WHARF, THE FISHERMAN KEPT AN ALL NIGHT VIGIL FOR THE MISSING BOAT...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, FERNANDE! I SAW JACQUES' BOAT! WE PASSED IT COMING IN! THE SEA WAS PERFECTLY CALM!
THERE ARE MANY THINGS IN THE SEA YOU HAVE NEVER DREAMED OF BASILE!
POOR JACQUES! HIS BOAT MUCH HAVE STRUCK A REEF IN THE INLET, FERNANDE?
JACQUES COULD NAVIGATE THIS INLET BLINDFOLDED! AND HOW IS IT THERE ARE NO BODIES?
FROM MORNING TILL EARLY EVENING A SEARCH PARTY SCOURED THE INLET...
NOT A TRACE! NOT EVEN A PIECE OF SAIL CLOTH! THEY SEEM TO HAVE BEEN SWALLOWED UP!
IT'S USELESS TO SEARCH FURTHER!
YOU ARE JUST TRYING TO FRIGHTEN US, OLD FOOL! TOMORROW WE GO TO FISH!
LOOK, AGAIN THE MOON IS RED! YOU HAD BETTER STAY ON LAND TOMORROW! BUT IF YOU INSIST ON FISHING, THROW PART OF YOUR CATCH BACK INTO THE SEA!
FERNANDE'S ADVICE WENT UNHEEDED...
IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO SEND THE BOATS OUT IN PAIRS, HENRI! THIS WAY ONE CAN HELP THE OTHER OUT!
FERNANDE SHOULD BE IN THE MAD-HOUSE! I WON'T THROW A FISH BACK!
WE HAD A RECORD DAY, BASILE! WE SHOULD THROW PART OF THE CATCH BACK!
JUST AS THEY REACHED THE ROCK-LINED INLET...

THIS IS HOW JACQUES AND HIS MEN DISAPPEARED! WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST THIS DEVIL BEAST?
AAY!
FIGHT! GRAB A GAFF HOOK! TRY TO SMASH HIS HEAD!
UNGH! HIS HEAD IS SOLID AS A ROCK!
AGAIN! NAME OF A DEVIL! HIT HIM AGAIN! DON'T STOP OR WE ARE LOST!
ARRooow
FLUNG FAR FROM THE SPLINTERED BOATS, BASILE, STILL PETRIFIED WITH FRIGHT, WITNESSED A TERRIFYING SIGHT...
WHAT A HELLISH CREATURE! I MUST GET AWAY BEFORE HE DESTROYS ME, TOO!
ARRR
Roc
SWIMMING LIKE ONE POSSESSED, BASILE NEARED THE WHARF...
MY ARMS ARE LIKE...(GASP)... LEAD! BUT I'M SAFE--SAFE FROM THAT SEA HORROR!

WHAT HAPPENED, BASILE? WHERE ARE THE BOATS?
LATER, FOR QUESTIONS! (GASP)...GET ME TO A FIRE! I'M CHILLED TO THE BONE!
BASILE RELATED THE HARROWING ADVENTURE TO HIS SHOCKED COMRADES...
AND THEN I SAW THE MONSTER WHOSE GIGANTIC HANDS, EACH AS BIG AS A... ROOM, PULLING THE BOATS DOWN! I DID NOT SEE ANY OTHER SURVIVORS!
BUT WHY SHOULD THIS HELL FIEND ATTACK US?
THOSE MONSTERS LIVE IN THE DEEPEST REGIONS OF THE SEA! IF YOU HAD THROW PART OF YOUR CATCH OVERBOARD, HE WOULDN'T HAVE ATTACKED!
MAYBE SOMEONE BESIDES BASILE GOT AWAY! WE'LL LOOK TOMORROW!
TAKE ME WITH YOU! I KNOW WHERE THE MONSTER ATTACKED! I CAN LEAD YOU THERE!
NO, BASILE! WE KNOW YOU ARE BRAVE, BUT YOU WERE MARKED AS DOOMED! WE CANNOT RISK TAKING YOU ALONG!
BUT I CANNOT STAY ON LAND WHILE YOU RISK YOUR LIVES!
I HAVE A LONGBOAT! YOU AND I SHALL GO TOGETHER!
I NEVER KNEW YOU OWNED THIS, FERNANDE!
A GRAY, OMINOUS DAWN BROKE OVER JEAN DES PRES...
A RELIC OF THE OLD DAYS! IT CAME FROM MY FATHER'S WHALING SHIP, THE MYSTIQUE!
SEE, WE DO NOT GO UNARMED! EVERYTHING IS OILED AND SHIPSHAPE!
A HARPOON GUN! I'VE FIRED ONE BEFORE! NOW I WOULD LIKE TO MEET THIS SEA MONSTER!

THE SEARCH CONTINUED FOR HOURS...
AYE, BASILE, AND I SEE THE REST OF THE BOATS TURNING BACK I CAN FEEL A SQUALL RISING!
IT LOOKS LIKE THE MONSTER DIDN'T SPARE ONE OF THEM!
HAD ENOUGH, BASILE? THE BOAT IS HARD TO HANDLE!
FERNANDE! WAIT! LOOK! A HAND COMING OUT OF THE WATER!
HE'S COMING TOWARD US! QUICK, BASILE FIRE!
I WANT THIS HARPOON TO STRIKE HIS BRAIN! HE'S COMING INTO MY SIGHTS!
NOW!
BLAM
A BORN HARPOONER! RIGHT THROUGH THE HEAD!
THIS AVENGES THE DEATHS OF MY SHIPMATES! NEVER AGAIN SHALL WE BE PLAGUED WITH MONSTERS AT JEAN DES PRES!
BUT AS THEY WATCHED THE SINKING MONSTER, A NEW UNEXPECTED HORROR ROSE OFF THEIR BOW!
I WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVE THAT SUCH CREATURES EXIST!
BRRRR, I'VE SEEN ENOUGH! LET'S GET BACK! THE SQUALL IS BREAKING OVER US!
AAAAAR
LOOK OUT! IT'S ANOTHER, SEEKING REVENGE!

EEEAARR
STAY BACK, YOU WATERY HELL-FIEND! BACK I SAY!
AFTER CRUSHING THE LIFE OUT OF BASILE, THE CREATURE SHIFTED HIS ATTENTION--
YOU WON'T TAKE ME AS BASILE! FEEL THIS AXE, MONSTER!
ARRROW
FERNANDE REMEMBERED NO MORE! THE MERCIFUL SQUALL DROVE HIS BOAT TO LAND...
TWO OF THEM! WE KILLED TWO OF THEM, BUT BASILE WAS CAUGHT! SEE, I HAVE PROOF...
HA HA HA HA
HE'S HYSTERICAL! GET HIM TO THE BISTRO, QUICKLY!
NOW YOU'LL BELIEVE THERE ARE SEA MONSTERS! I CHOPPED OFF A FINGER BEFORE I KILLED IT... LOOK!
FERNANDE IS STARK RAVING MAD! IT'S JUST PART OF A STRANGE FISH HE CAUGHT!
IF YOU'RE EVER IN JEAN DES PRES, DROP IN TO SEE OLD FERNANDE! HE'LL TELL YOU THE STORY WORD FOR WORD, AND SHOW YOU THE MONSTER'S FINGER!
the End

THE DEVIL STATUES

MY NAME IS MAX DORNE! I'M A DETECTIVE ON THE CITY FORCE! I'M NOT CRAZY, AND SO HELP ME, EVERY WORD OF THIS STORY IS **TRUE**! STATUES CAN'T MOVE, YOU SAY...? THEY CAN'T TRACK A MAN DOWN AND BEAT HIM TO A PULP WITH THEIR MARBLE FISTS...? O.K., FRIEND, YOU'RE ENTITLED TO YOUR OPINION, BUT...

OSCAR FRAGA

THEY STEPPED DOWN FROM THEIR PEDESTALS! THEY HEADED FOR THE STAIRWAY THAT LED TO THE REAR OF THE MUSEUM...

IT WAS A COLD NIGHT! THE STATUES' MARBLE FEET MADE HARSH NOISES AS THEY WALKED STIFFLY ON THE PAVEMENT!

THE FIRST MAN TO SEE THEM WAS A MR. SAM CLAYTON OF 2496 ORWELL AVENUE IN THE BRONX...
MR. CLAYTON DIDN'T LIKE WHAT HE SAW...
MR. CLAYTON TRIED TO SCREAM FOR HELP! HE OPENED HIS MOUTH, BUT NO SOUNDS CAME OUT...
AND ALL THIS TIME THE STATUES KEPT MOVING CLOSER, AND CLOSER...
THE FIRST BLOW WAS ENOUGH TO SPLIT HIS SKULL WIDE OPEN! BUT THE STATUES KEPT WORKING OVER UNTIL THERE WAS A SPLINTERED, BLOODY MESS WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF A MAN NAMED SAM CLAYTON!
AND THEN, THEIR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, THE STATUES TROOPED BACK INTO THE MUSEUM...
BUT THERE HAD BEEN A WITNESS...
STATUES... I SAW THEM! THEY KILLED HIM... THEN WENT BACK INTO THE MUSEUM!
SURE, SURE-- AND THEN THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOON..
AT THE STATION HOUSE, MR. FENDRICK KEPT WISHING HIS STORY WAS TRUE...
NOBODY BELIEVES ME! BUT I TELL YOU I SAW THEM!
CALM DOWN! I THINK YOU'RE NUTS BUT I'M GONNA SEND A PATROLMAN INTO THE MUSEUM JUST TO CHECK AROUND!

ANOTHER COP MIGHT NOT HAVE FOUND ANYTHING, BUT DONOVAN WAS TOO SHARP FOR HIS OWN GOOD!
HMM! THIS LOOKS LIKE DRIED BLOOD CLOTTED BETWEEN THE FINGERS!
PATROLMAN DONOVAN WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN HE HEARD SOME FOOTSTEPS ON THE BALCONY!
WHO'S THAT UP THERE? SHOW YER FACE!
WHOEVER WAS ON THE BALCONY SLIPPED BEHIND A PILLAR AND BEGAN TO CHANT:
STATUES OF HELL..., "Α Θ, ΔΦΑΒΑΙΝΣ ΕΛΛΝΥΝΚΑ!" COME TO LIFE!
AND THE STATUES STEPPED STIFFLY DOWN FROM THEIR PEDESTALS THE SECOND TIME THAT NIGHT!
HEY! WHAT?
DONAVAN LOST HIS HEAD! HE RAN WILDLY...
...SMACK INTO A DEAD END!
I-I'M TRAPPED!
AND THEN, POOR DONOVAN REALLY LOST HIS HEAD!

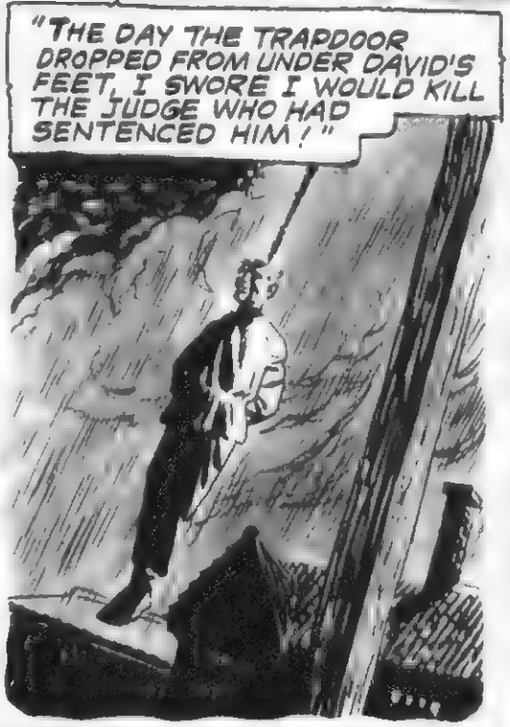
TWO DAYS LATER, THE COMMISSIONER CALLED ME INTO HIS OFFICE...
MAX, THIS IS THE SCREWIEST CASE THAT EVER FELL INTO OUR LAPS! IT'S STRICTLY HUSH-HUSH!
HERE'S A COPY OF A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER RAYMOND HACKETT GOT LAST NIGHT! YOU KNOW THE MAN--HE USED TO BE A JUDGE--AND THIS LETTER SAYS HE'LL BE KILLED SHORTLY AFTER HE ARRIVES HERE! IT'S SIGNED: STATUES FROM HELL!
I'LL HOP OVER TO THE MUSEUM... SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!
GOOD! FENDRICK, THE MAN WHO SAW THE FIRST KILLING, IS UNDER CUSTODY SO THE STORY DOESN'T LEAK OUT...
BY THE TIME I GOT THERE, THE MUSEUM WAS CLOSED...
MR. GAYLORD'S A BUSY MAN! DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT, SIR?
HE'LL SEE ME!
I'M FROM THE POLICE! I WANT YOUR FILE CARDS ON EVERY MAN WHO WORKS HERE!
I CAN'T DO THAT WITHOUT THE DIRECTOR'S PERMISSION!
I COUNTED TO TEN, THEN USED HIS DESK PHONE TO CALL THE DIRECTOR... A HALF HOUR LATER, I WAS WALKING THROUGH THE MUSEUM HALL WHEN SUDDENLY, I HEARD SOME QUEER NOISES BEHIND ME...
THE STATUES-- THEY'RE COMING AFTER ME!
I BACKED UP FAST AS I COULD, BUT THERE WAS ONLY THE WALL AND A WINDOW BEHIND ME! AND A MEAN-LOOKING STATUE WAS STANDING GUARD AT THE EXIT I'D BEEN HEADING FOR...

I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT AT THAT MOMENT SIX OTHER STATUES WERE TRUDGING TOWARDS THE MANSION WHERE RAYMOND HACKETT WAS...
BUT...AN ARMY DETAIL WAS STANDING GUARD...
HERE THEY COME!
AN OFFICER BEGAN BARKING COMMANDS, THE OBSERVER CALLED BACK THE STATUES POSITION, AND...
BLAM!
A DIRECT HIT SHATTERED THE STATUES! THE SOLDIERS BEGAN CHEERING...BUT THE CHEERS DIED AWAY WHEN THEY SAW THE PIECES SLOWLY REASSEMBLING AND THE STATUES INCHED CLOSER AND CLOSER...
BACK AT THE MUSEUM, I WAS DOING THE ONLY THING I COULD TO GET AWAY...
I WAS BLEEDING AND GROGGY BY THE TIME I REACHED MY CAR, BUT I STILL HAD THE FILE CARDS WITH ME...
I WAS HOME NOW! I'D GONE THROUGH THE FILE CARDS AND FOUND A GOOD LEAD! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CALL THE COMMISSIONER, WHEN...
WHA--THE?

ME AND MY STATUES HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, MR. DORNE! FORTUNATELY, YOU WERE LISTED IN THE PHONE BOOK!
Y-YOU MUST BE TILLSTON...

RIGHT-- I KNEW THAT ONCE YOU SAW MY FILE CARD, YOU'D ASSOCIATE ME WITH MY BROTHER'S MURDER TRIAL! DROP YOUR GUN... I PROMISE MY STATUES WILL NOT HARM YOU UNTIL I AM FINISHED!

"MY YOUNGER BROTHER, DAVID HAD A VIOLENT TEMPER... THERE WAS A FIGHT IN A BAR... HE KILLED A MAN! THE JUDGE WHO SENTENCED HIM TO HANG WAS RAYMOND HACKETT..."


"THE DAY THE TRAPDOOR DROPPED FROM UNDER DAVID'S FEET, I SWORE I WOULD KILL THE JUDGE WHO HAD SENTENCED HIM!"

"I GOT A JOB AT THE MUSEUM! I BECAME INTERESTED IN THE STATUES-- EVEN STUDIED GREEK, SO WHEN A STATUE FELL ONE DAY, AND ITS HOLLOW HAND BROKE I FOUND A ROLLED PARCHMENT INSIDE... I WAS ABLE TO READ IT...

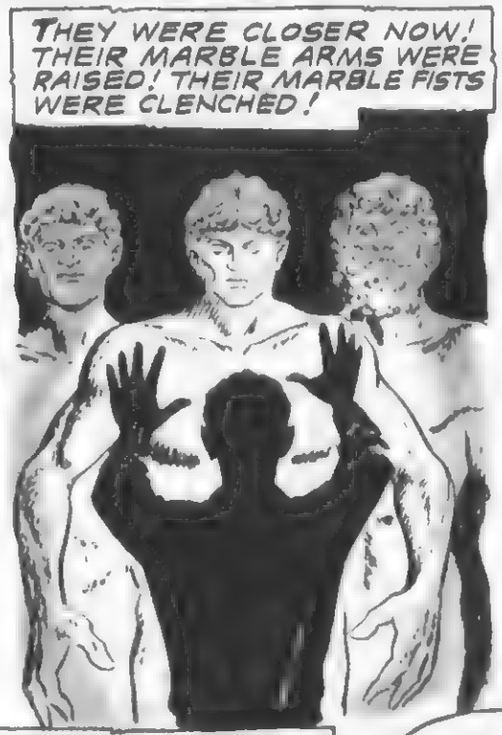
"THE PARCHMENT WAS WRITTEN BY PYGMALION--THE ANCIENT SCULPTOR WHO HAD WRITTEN DOWN THE CHANT HE USED TO BRING STONE TO LIFE!"
ΑΘ, ΔΘΑΒΑΙΝΣ ΕΛΛΑΝΥΝΚΑΙ.

"THIS WAS MY CHANCE TO GET HACKETT! BUT FIRST I HAD TO MAKE SURE THE STATUE WOULD KILL AS I COMMANDED! I SENT THEM DOWN TO THE STREET..."

AND THEN, I HAD THEM KILL THE PATROLMAN WHO DISCOVERED BLOOD ON ONE OF THEM! YES, MR. DORNE, THE STATUES MUST OBEY MY COMMANDS! AS LONG AS I'M ALIVE, THEY CAN'T BE DESTROYED...!

KILL! CRUSH HIM TO DEATH! THEN WE MUST HURRY BACK TO THE MUSEUM TO MEET THE OTHER STATUES WHO MUST BE FINISHED WITH HACKETT BY NOW!

I'D THROWN DOWN MY GUN! WHAT COULD I DO? I SHRANK BACK! MY HAND CLOSED ON A PAPERWEIGHT ON MY DESK! TILLSTON HAD SAID THE STATUES COULDN'T BE DESTROYED AS LONG AS HE WAS ALIVE...


THEY WERE CLOSER NOW! THEIR MARBLE ARMS WERE RAISED! THEIR MARBLE FISTS WERE CLENCHED!

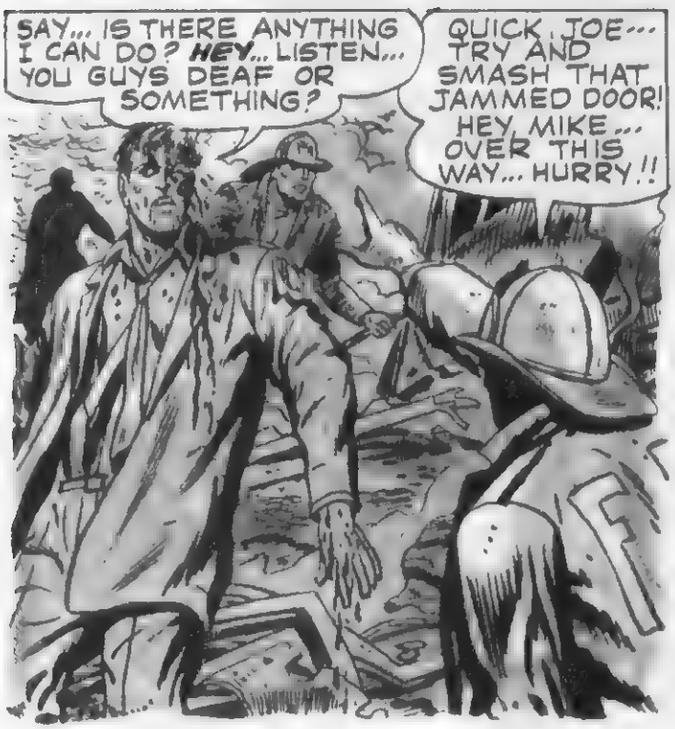
GOTTA KILL HIM-- IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

I GOT HIM RIGHT IN THE TEMPLE! THE SECOND HE SANK TO THE FLOOR, DEAD, THE STATUE STOPPED MOVING! AND AT THAT MOMENT -- THE SIX STATUES BATTLING THE TANK STOPPED MOVING TOO!

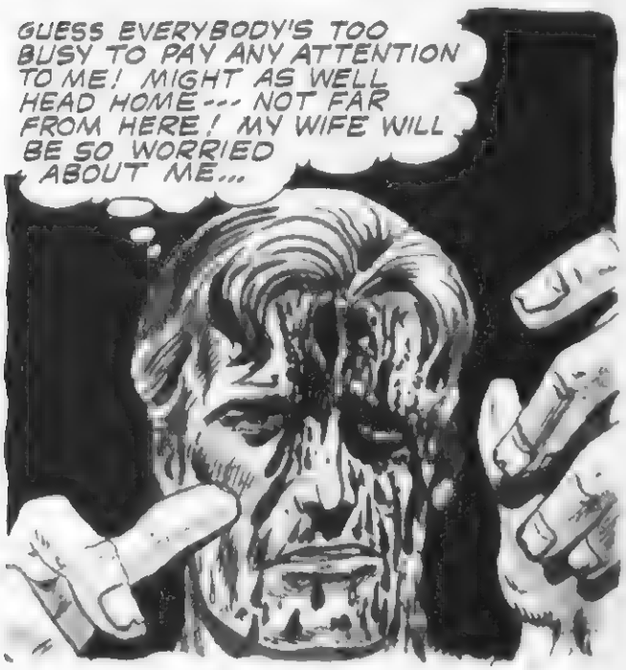
THAT'S THE STORY... BY THE WAY, WE NEVER DID FIND PYGMALION'S PARCHMENT! WE'RE ALL HOPING IT DOESN'T GET INTO THE WRONG HANDS... IF IT EVER DOES, YOURS TRULY IS HEADING FOR THE HILLS... I'M NOT CRAZY!
THE END

SCREAMING THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT, TWO TRAINS RACE TOWARD EACH OTHER IN AN UNKNOWN APPOINTMENT WITH **DEATH!!** THE SCREAMS OF THE VICTIMS MIX WITH A DISTANT EVIL WAIL AND OUT OF THE FIRE AND BLOOD OF THIS **MIDNIGHT CATASTROPHE** WALKS...

THE DEMON FROM BEYOND


SAY... IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO? HEY... LISTEN... YOU GUYS DEAF OR SOMETHING?
QUICK, JOE... TRY AND SMASH THAT JAMMED DOOR! HEY, MIKE... OVER THIS WAY... HURRY!!

HEY... CAN I GIVE YOU A HAND? I SAID...
YEECH! LOOKS LIKE A GRAVE YARD!
YEAH... LOOKS LIKE THERE MUST BE AT LEAST FIFTY BODIES STREWN AROUND HERE!


GUESS EVERYBODY'S TOO BUSY TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME! MIGHT AS WELL HEAD HOME--- NOT FAR FROM HERE! MY WIFE WILL BE SO WORRIED ABOUT ME...

SLOWLY... PAINFULLY, THE CRUSHED, HURT THING THAT WAS TOM BRONSON STAGGERED HOME...
AT LAST... AT LAST... I FEEL SO QUEER... BUT DEBBIE WILL TAKE CARE OF ME!!

DEBBIE! DEBBIE! I MADE IT! DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE TRAIN WRECK? IT WAS HORRIBLE... I'M HURT...

FROM OUT OF HIS TORTURED THROAT, TOM BRONSON CALLED TO HIS WIFE, BEGGED HER TO HELP HIM IN HIS PAIN AND MISERY, BUT TOM'S WIFE SAW... NOTHING!
MMM... WONDER HOW THAT DOOR GOT OPEN... I THOUGHT I LOCKED IT!
RINGGGG!

WHAT WAS THAT? A TRAIN WRECK? M-MY HUSBAND DEAD!
YES, MRS. BRONSON... SORRY TO TELL YOU THIS! PLEASE COME DOWN TO IDENTIFY THE... BODY!!
I-I'M DEAD! THAT'S WHY NO ONE COULD SEE OR HEAR ME! BUT WHY SHOULD I STILL WALK THE EARTH?

SO TOM'S DEAD! WHAT A BREAK! I'VE GOT TO TELL BOB THE GOOD NEWS!
DEBBIE! ARE YOU CRAZY? I'M HERE!

BOB... I JUST GOT WORD THAT TOM IS DEAD! YES... KILLED IN THE WRECK! THE FATES MUST BE ON OUR SIDE! SAVES US THE JOB OF GETTING RID OF HIM AND HIS INSURANCE WILL PAY DOUBLE BECAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT!
WONDERFUL, BABY... I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

RIGHT AFTER I IDENTIFY THE BODY, I'LL CALL THE INSURANCE AGENT!
OKAY, HONEY... AND THINK OF THE THINGS WE CAN DO WITH THAT MONEY!!! PARIS... ROME... MONTE CARLO...
...AM I DEAD? HOW DID I GET INTO THIS CAR? THIS IS A NIGHTMARE!

YES... SOB... THAT'S TOM... MY DEAR HUSBAND... SOB-SOB!
TERRIBLY SORRY, MRS. BRONSON!
MORGUE

BUT AFTER EVERYONE LEFT THE MORGUE, IN THE SILENCE THAT WAS LIKE THE QUIET OF THE TOMB... A STRANGE MEETING TOOK PLACE...
THERE LIES MY BODY... TOM BRONSON, YOU'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED... AND THAT'S WHY YOUR SPIRIT WALKS IN VENGEANCE!!

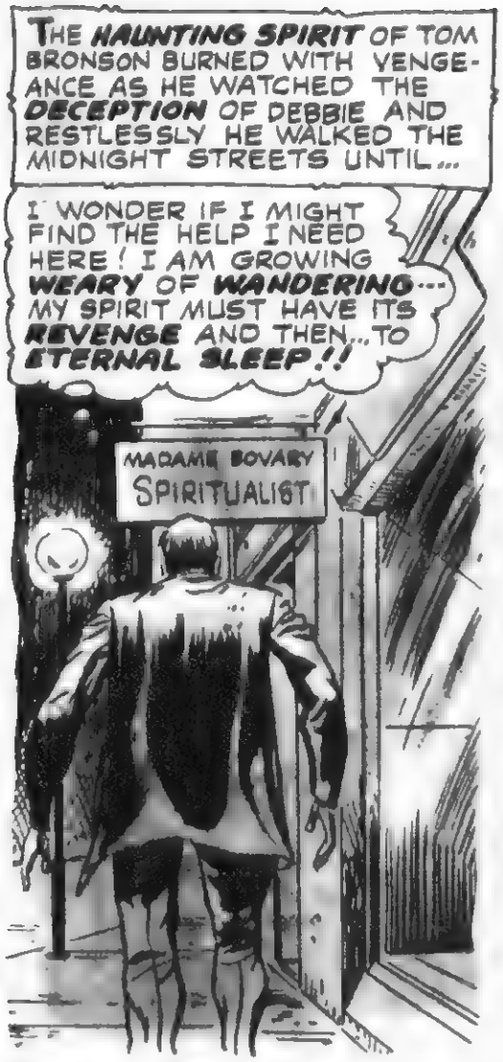
SOB-SOB-SOB-SOB!
TAKE IT EASY, BABY! DON'T OVER DO IT!
A GRAVEYARD IS A BIG PLACE... THERE'S ROOM FOR MORE THAN ONE IN THE FAMILY CRYPT!

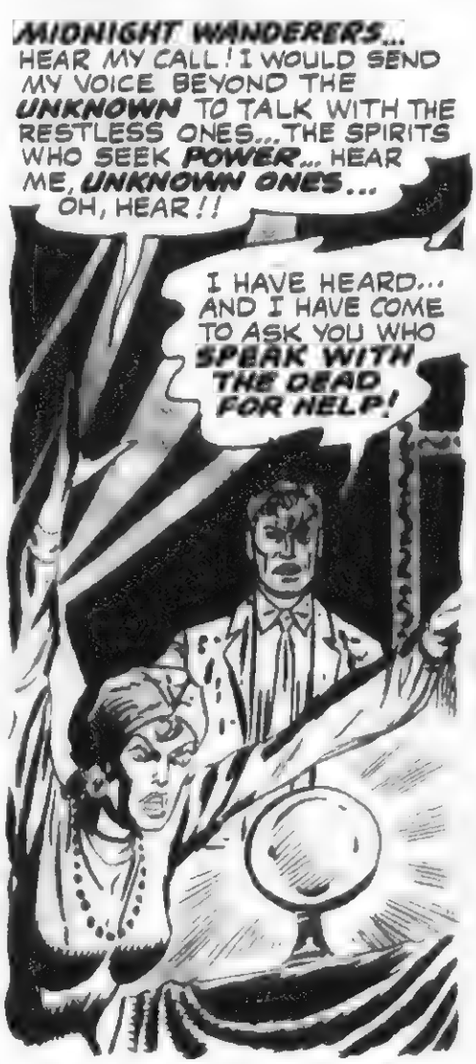
...AND MAY TOM BRONSON WHO MET DEATH SO EARLY IN LIFE AS THE RESULT OF AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT FIND EVER-LASTING PEACE...

I--I FEEL SO COLD, BOB... I FEEL AS IF WE'RE BEING WATCHED... AS IF SOMEBODY... SOMETHING... WERE LAUGHING AT ME!
C'MON... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! IN A FEW DAYS THEY WILL CEMENT THAT CASKET AWAY AND THAT'LL BE THE END OF THAT!

POOR TOM! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GO ON WITHOUT HIM!
THERE, THERE, DEBBIE... YOU MUST BEAR UP!
TIME WILL HEAL YOUR WOUND!

YOU'RE DOING FINE, BABY... YOU OUGHT TO GO ON THE STAGE! I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW!
IN A FEW DAYS I SHOULD GET THE INSURANCE MONEY... MEANWHILE I'LL HAVE TO KEEP UP WITH THIS MOURNING ACT!


THE HAUNTING SPIRIT OF TOM BRONSON BURNED WITH VENGEANCE AS HE WATCHED THE DECEPTION OF DEBBIE AND RESTLESSLY HE WALKED THE MIDNIGHT STREETS UNTIL...
I WONDER IF I MIGHT FIND THE HELP I NEED HERE! I AM GROWING WEARY OF WANDERING... MY SPIRIT MUST HAVE ITS REVENGE AND THEN...TO ETERNAL SLEEP!!
MADAME BOVARY SPIRITUALIST


MIDNIGHT WANDERERS... HEAR MY CALL! I WOULD SEND MY VOICE BEYOND THE UNKNOWN TO TALK WITH THE RESTLESS ONES...THE SPIRITS WHO SEEK POWER... HEAR ME, UNKNOWN ONES... OH, HEAR!!
I HAVE HEARD... AND I HAVE COME TO ASK YOU WHO SPEAK WITH THE DEAD FOR HELP!

YES...I WILL HELP YOU FOR A FEE! FOR EVEN THE DEAD MUST PAY THE BLACK SORCERERS!
YOU WILL BE WELL PAID... NOW, FIRST YOU MUST WRITE A LETTER FOR ME...

AND SO... IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT THE BARGAIN IS MADE, AND A FEW DAYS LATER...
I KNOW YOU EXPECTED THE MONEY, BUT WE JUST RECEIVED THIS LETTER SIGNED BY YOUR HUSBAND TOM BRONSON!
BUT-BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I IDENTIFIED THE BODY MYSELF...AND IT'S LYING IN THE FAMILY CRYPT! THIS IS SOMEBODY'S CRUEL JOKE!

UNDOUBTEDLY YOU ARE RIGHT! BUT WE WILL HAVE TO INVESTIGATE THIS LETTER BEFORE WE CAN TURN THE MONEY OVER!
ALL RIGHT... JUST AS LONG AS IT WON'T TAKE TOO LONG! I'M GOING TO THE CRYPT TODAY--TO BRING FRESH FLOWERS! I MISS TOM SO..

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THEY'VE FINALLY CEMENTED THIS CASKET AWAY SO I DON'T HAVE TO KEEP UP THIS PRETENSE OF DEVOTION!! WONDER ABOUT THAT LETTER! WHO... OH!

YOU...YOU ALMOST **FRIGHTENED ME TO DEATH!** WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MY NAME IS MADAME BOVARY! I AM A FREQUENTER OF **GRAVEYARDS...** AND I HELP THE **TROUBLED SOULS** OF THE DEAR DEPARTED! TALK WITH THE...UH.. LIVING!! YOU LOOK AS IF **YOU** NEED HELP, MY DEAR!

IF YOU COULD REACH TOM! ...IF YOU COULD FIND OUT WHO SENT THE LETTER...?

COME TONIGHT! I WILL FIND OUT EVERY-THING YOU SEEK... FOR A CERTAIN SUM! YOU'LL FIND MY CARD RIGHT THERE.. ON **TOP** OF THE **COFFIN!**

THAT NIGHT...

THERE'S THE MONEY... NOW I WANT YOU TO CONTACT MY... UH... **DEAR** HUSBAND, TOM BRONSON!

IT **WILL BE DONE!** BE SEATED!

THE RITES HAVE BEEN COMPLETED... MATERIALIZE TO HUMAN SIGHT, **UNEASY SPIRIT** OF TOM BRONSON... COME... COME...

IT **IS** TOM!! **NO! TAKE HIM AWAY!** HE'S DEAD... **DEAD!**

WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME THAT WAY, TOM?

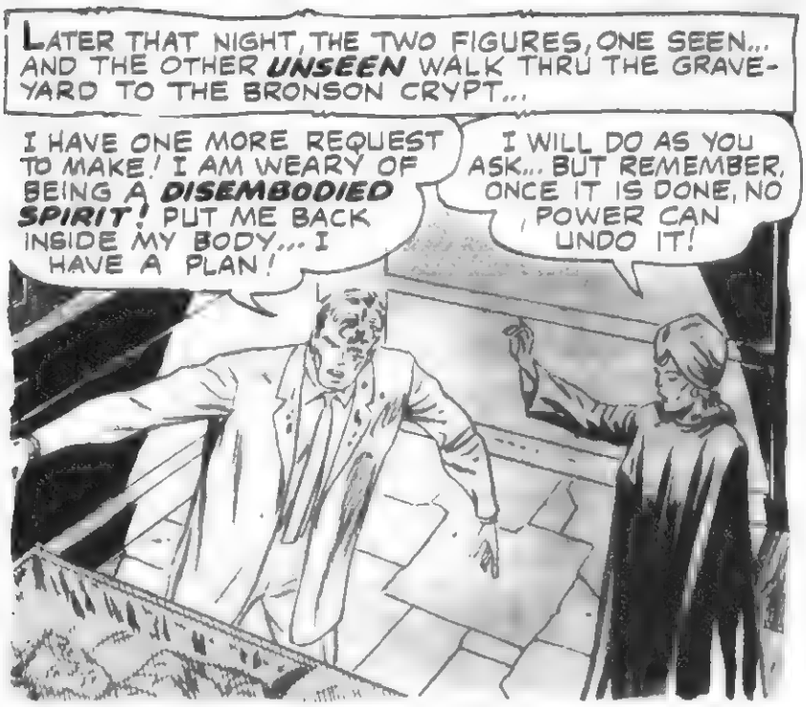
IT'S YOUR OWN **TROUBLED CONSCIENCE** THAT MAKES YOU **FEARFUL!!** MY **SPIRIT CANNOT REST** BECAUSE YOU HAVE **BROKEN FAITH** WITH ME!!

*SUDDENLY THE SILENT NIGHT IS SPLIT WITH AN **HYSTERICAL SCREAM** AS DEBBIE BRONSON, A **VICTIM** OF HER OWN **FEAR** FLEES FROM THE **VISION OF VENGEANCE...***

AIE-EEE!

HAHAHA HAHAHA HAAA!

HEEEE-HEEE! NO **MORTAL** CAN RUN FAST ENOUGH TO **ESCAPE** HER OWN **FAITHLESSNESS!** HEEE-HEEE!


LATER THAT NIGHT, THE TWO FIGURES, ONE SEEN... AND THE OTHER UNSEEN WALK THRU THE GRAVEYARD TO THE BRONSON CRYPT...
I HAVE ONE MORE REQUEST TO MAKE! I AM WEARY OF BEING A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT! PUT ME BACK INSIDE MY BODY... I HAVE A PLAN!
I WILL DO AS YOU ASK... BUT REMEMBER, ONCE IT IS DONE, NO POWER CAN UNDO IT!

MAR RION BEL EF FONTOV LORREL TON!

THE NEXT DAY...
IT'LL SOON BE OVER! TODAY THE CASKET WILL BE SEALED AWAY! SHALL I GO IN WITH YOU?
YES... NO! THIS IS THE LAST TIME... I'LL GO IN ALONE! IT'LL LOOK BETTER!

ALONE, DEBBIE APPROACHES THE CASKET FOR THE LAST TIME... ANXIOUS FOR THE FINAL CEREMONY TO BEGIN WHEN...
THAT'S STRANGE THAT THE TOP SHOULD BE OPEN... WELL SOON I'LL BE FREE OF THIS AWFUL TASK... AND BOB AND I...
HIS HANDS! THEY'RE MOVING! TOM... NO!

DON'T, TOM! PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY... I WON'T TOUCH THE MONEY... I'LL GIVE BOB UP... I'LL...

THE POINTED EDGE OF DEATH SLOWLY INCHES TOWARD THE SOFT, PULSATING THROAT OF DEBBIE BRONSON!! HER EYES STRAIN WITH TERROR, HER STRENGTH WANES... AND THEN...
AAIEEERGHGG-A-GG!
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT WAS THAT?

OH! THE POOR THING! SHE'S KILLED HERSELF!
GUESS SHE COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT HIM!
THE END

BURKE WAS A POLICEMAN... AND WE MIGHT ADD, A DARNED GOOD ONE! THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH BURKE WAS HE BELIEVED ONLY HALF OF WHAT HE SAW AND NOTHING HE HEARD... THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED HIM...

the MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE

BURKE WAS A SUBWAY COP... HE ENJOYED HIS TOUR OF DUTY ON THE UNDERGROUND EVEN THOUGH SOME PEOPLE THOUGHT IT WAS EASY!

THIS IS MAC, A SUBWAY TRACK WALKER AND REPAIR MAN FOR THE SUBWAY OF THE SPRAWLING CITY...

WHAT'S THIS? A HOLE? MUST HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY THE HEAVY RAINS LAST MONTH!

I'D BETTER CHECK THIS OUT! ...WHAT AN ODD TUNNEL... NEVER SAW ONE LIKE THIS BEFORE IN THE SUBWAY... MUST BE AN OLD LINE!
...WAIT 'TILL I TELL MY SUPERVISOR ABOUT THIS! ...SURE IS DARK HERE!

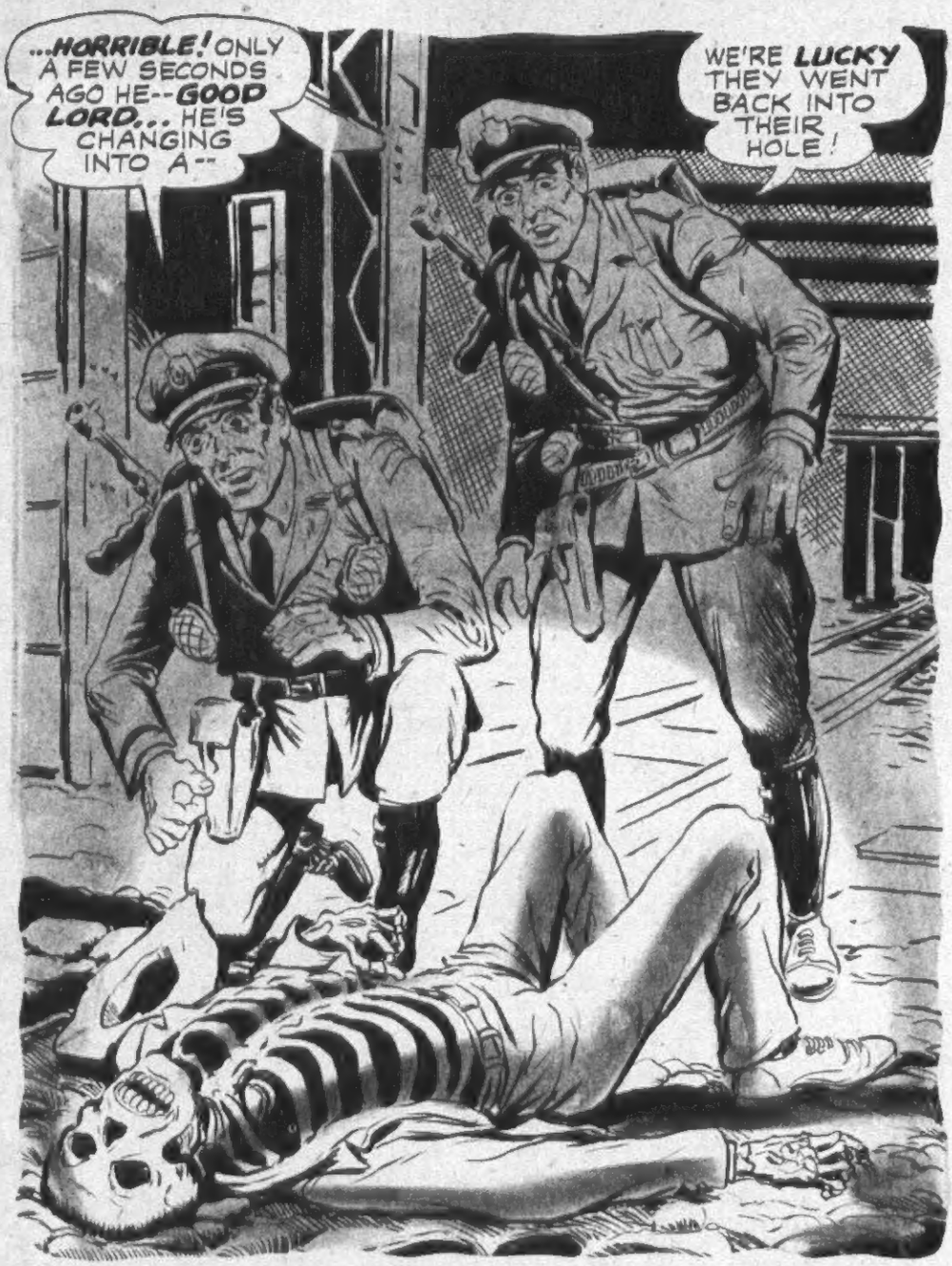
...THEY TOLD ME TO REPORT ALL WALL BREAKS! WELL... I'LL BE... THERE'S A LIGHT UP AHEAD!

...ONLY A GLOW COMING FROM THAT PILE... LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING FROM OUTER SPACE OR A RUSSIAN PLOT OF SOME KIND!

ULP!
I SEE IT... BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

AS MAC MOVES TOWARD THE ENTRANCE, ONE OF THE ANTS BLOCKS IT! MAC'S HEART SKIPS A BEAT AND SINKS TO THE FLOOR...

MAC CREPT FREE OF THE ANT TUNNEL AND RACED BACK TO BURKE AT THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE...
...BUT -- IT'S TRUE! I SAW THOSE GIANT ANTS, BURKE!
OF ALL THE CRAZY TALES! HOW DO YOU THINK OF THEM?
AW, WHAT'S THE USE? AND JUST TO PROVE YOU'RE NUTS, I'LL GET HELP AND WE'LL INVESTIGATE!
SO THE THREE MEN HEADED BACK INTO THE TUNNEL, THE OFFICERS WERE WELL ARMED...
HEY, BURKE, WHAT DOES YOUR FRIEND SMOKE? SOUNDS LIKE HE HAS PIPE DREAMS!
GO ON, LAUGH IF YOU WANT TO... BUT THAT TUNNEL IS AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE!
HEY, DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE LITTLE ELVES I ONCE SAW IN IRELAND?
BUT I TELL YOU, THIS ISN'T A GAG!
...YEAH... SURE! MAC! IN BACK OF YOU! LOOK OUT!



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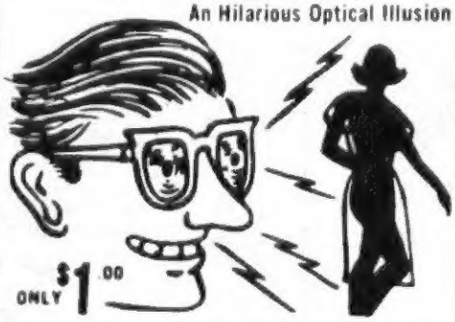

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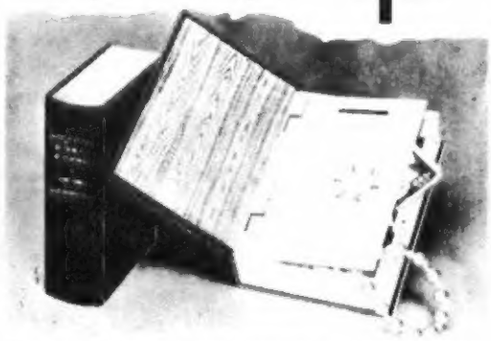

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NATURALLY NO ONE BELIEVED BURKE'S STORY BUT THEN WHO WOULD? BUT THOSE STRANGE SOUNDS BEHIND THE SUBWAY WALLS ARE STILL THERE... LISTEN...

The End